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NEW FORMAT

THE

SANDMAN™

MASTER • of • DREAMS

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SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS

GAIMAN • KIETH • JONES

C

AND NOW IT'S 2:15 AM, APRIL 1ST, AND THE "FUNERAL MARCH FOR A MARIONETTE" TELLS US THAT ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS ANOTHER TWISTY TALE FOR ALL YOU LATE NIGHT GOTHAM VIEWERS...

♪ POM-DA-♪ POPOPA-POM-♪ DA-POM...♫

...POM-POMETTY-POM POM-POM...♫♪

GOOD EVENING, FELLOW TOURISTS...

SECURITY

DINING HALL

I THINK THIS PROVES THAT IN SOME WAYS THE AIRPLANE CAN NEVER REPLACE THE TRAIN.

HEHH.

CELL 2

DINING HALL

--HHHF!

SURPRISE! IT'S ONLY ME!

NOW--DON'T TELL *ANYBODY* ELSE ABOUT THIS! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD HANGING TO SCARE PEOPLE WITLESS...

I'LL STICK OUT MY TONGUE, AND I'LL BE WHITE AS A SHEET, AND THEY'LL ALL LOOK UP AT ME AND *THEN* I'LL GO *"APRIL FOOL"!*

FEAR OF PAIN IS ALGOPHOBIA. I DON'T KNOW WHAT FEAR OF HANGING IS CALLED.

YOU'RE THE DOCTOR, AREN'T YOU? SOME PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF DOCTORS. IT'S CALLED IATROPHOBIA. DR. DESTINY. AREN'T YOU MEANT TO BE LOCKED UP DOWNSTAIRS?

SSHH. YOU MUSTN'T TELL ANYONE. I'M ESCAPING. MY MOTHER DIED.

SHE GAVE ME HER AMULET. IT KEEPS PEOPLE SAFE FROM THINGS. SHE TOLD ME THAT. SHE GAVE ME MY RUBY TOO, BUT NOW SHE'S DEAD.

SHALL I TELL YOU WHAT I'M GOING TO DO?

TELL ME. TELL ME.

I'M GOING TO GET THE RUBY BACK. THE MAT. THE MAT. THE MAT-ER-I-OP-TI-KON. AND THEN I'LL DRIVE EVERYBODY IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD MAD. AND THEN THEY'LL MAKE ME KING.

IT SOUNDS *SCARY.* HAVE A NICE TIME. AND YOU MUST *PROMISE*-- WHEN YOU GET BACK--TO TELL ME *ALL* ABOUT IT.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'M GOING TO RULE THE WORLD. OR DESTROY IT.

I'M NOT COMING BACK.

YES YES...

BUT WE *ALWAYS* COME BACK HERE, IT'S SO SCARY OUTSIDE. IF YOU SEE THE JOKER, TELL HIM TO HURRY BACK. IT ISN'T APRIL FOOL'S DAY WITHOUT HIS LITTLE JOKES...

BUT I'M DOING MY BEST. I LEFT ANOTHER NEXT DOOR.

KICK ME

YES. I SEE IT. IT'S VERY FUNNY.

BYE BYE.

HELLO. I'M GOING TO FIND MY MAT... MY RUBY. YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE ME. I'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO STOP.

TRUST ME. I'M A DOCTOR.

I FLEE PAST GREYBORDERS, DOWN THE DARKLING ROAD TO LONGSHADOWS. I SKIRT THE FIRE PITS, AND LOSE MYSELF IN THE HEART OF THE ARMAGHETTO. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE I GO. ALL ROADS LEAD BACK TO GRANNY.

HAPPINESS IS THE HEART THAT'S GRANNY'S.

RIP OUT YOUR HEART FOR GRANNY.

GRANNY LOVES YOU.

GRANNY LOVES ME. SO SHE HAS THEM BIND ME IN CHAINS, ENCASE MY FEET IN CONCRETE.

SHE WRAPS ME TIGHT IN HER LOVE AND HER VOICE. TIES ME TIGHT WITH STEEL AND GRANITE.

I'VE BEEN A BAD LITTLE BOY. I SAID A BAD THING. I LEFT HER.

AND THIS IS WHAT THEY DO TO BAD LITTLE BOYS: THEY PUT THEM IN THE MURDER MACHINE.

I LEAVE THE COFFIN BEHIND ME.

I SIDESTEP THE KNIVES, LEAP THROUGH THE FLAMES.

THE BOMB EXPLODES; BUT I AM NOT WHERE I WAS.

THE FLOOR VANISHES. I DO NOT FALL INTO THE ACID PIT.

I REACH THE WOMB, THE EXIT. THE BOX.

IT'S THE LAST TRAP -- SOMEHOW I KNOW THAT. THE LAST EXIT. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TYPE MY NAME. (MY REAL NAME. MY TRUE NAME.) AND THE DOOR WILL OPEN AND I WILL BE SCOT FREE.

ZEP AND BRAVO AND WELDUN HANG IN WARNING, LOWLIES WHO NEVER ESCAPED THE ARMAGHETTO, THE BLACK BLOOD OF A BYGONE DECADE CRUSTED ON THEIR NECKS.

YOUR NAME, THEY SAY. *TELL US YOUR NAME AND WE'LL LET YOU GO.*

AURALIE HANGS THERE. *SWEET AURALIE, MY FIRST LOVE*, HER FEET BURNED AWAY AND HER EYES CHURNING WITH MAGGOTS. *WHAT DO I CALL YOU?* SHE ASKS ME. *NOT SCOTT FREE. SCOTT FREE WAS JUST GRANNY'S JOKE.*

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MY LOVE?

I DON'T KNOW.

I'M GOING TO DIE.

It's over, child. You can wake up now.

I OPEN MY EYES ON A STRANGE ROOM AND FOR A MOMENT I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM.

THE DISORIENTATION PASSES: A BEDROOM IN THE J.L.I. EMBASSY IN MANHATTAN. A *LONG* WAY FROM APOKOLIPS.

IT WAS ONLY A DREAM.

BUT IF IT WAS ONLY A *DREAM*...

WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

AND WHO *ARE* YOU?

You want a name, "Scott Free"? I am a friend.

I have come to reclaim something of mine. A ruby...

TURN LEFT HERE.

LISTEN BUSTER I'M WARNING YOU YOU LAY A FINGER ON ME I'LL SO HELP ME YOU TRY ANY-THING MY HUSBAND'S A MAFIA HITMAN--HE'LL KILL YOU SO DON'T EVEN THINK IT DON'T...

O GOD. DON'T KILL ME.

I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU. IT'S JUST THAT...

SORRY.

AH. HH. YOU ESCAPING FROM PRISON?

NO. FROM ARKHAM. THE MADHOUSE.

OH.

JESUS.

MY MOTHER DIED LAST WEEK. SHE WAS VERY OLD. THAT WAS WHEN I KNEW I HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THAT PLACE.

OH. I'M SORRY.

SAY, WHY AREN'T YOU, Y'KNOW, *WEARING* ANYTHING?

THEY TOOK MY CLOTHES AWAY. THEY WERE SCARED I WOULD KILL MYSELF. HANG MYSELF WITH A SHIRT, PERHAPS.

AREN'T YOU *COLD*?

YES. VERY COLD.

WELL...

THERE'S AN OLD COAT OF HARRY'S -- MY HUSBAND'S -- IN THE BACK. WHY DON'T YOU PUT IT ON? YOU MUST BE *FREEZING*.

A COAT? THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU. I'D LIKE TO WEAR A COAT.

THANK YOU.

PASSENGERS

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KAREN BERGER EDITOR
MR. MIRACLE CREATED BY *JACK KIRBY*

OK. I'VE SEARCHED THE OLD JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA FILES, AND I *THINK* WE'VE FOUND IT.

SHOULD BE UP ON THE SCREENS ANY SECOND.

THERE YOU GO. TAKEN FROM SOME *PSYCHO* CALLING HIMSELF "DOCTOR DESTINY." HE WAS USING IT TO AFFECT PEOPLE'S *DREAMS*-- MAKE NIGHTMARES REAL, THAT KIND OF THING.

IT WAS KEPT IN THE *TROPHY* ROOM ON THE *SATELLITE*.

SPACE JUNK. DESTROYED.

And my ruby?

Where is this satellite?

COULD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED. COULD HAVE BEEN *MOVED* TO THE DETROIT FORTRESS, OR THE *SECRET SANCTUARY*, OR...

You don't know.

YEAH... IS THIS KIND OF THING GOING TO HAPPEN *EVERY* TIME I STAY HERE OVERNIGHT? DON'T ANSWER THAT...

LEMME SEE. *BATMAN?* NOPE, IT'S 3:30 AM. HE'LL BE AT WORK...

GOT IT!

HMMM. LET'S GO WAKE HIM UP.

WHO *ELSE* WAS IN THE OLD JLA...?

NOT A *CLUE*.

Somebody must know.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

ROSEMARY.

ROSEMARY...

THAT'S FOR REMEMBERING...

SO WHAT SHOULD I CALL YOU?

I USED TO CALL MYSELF... DESTINY. DOCTOR DESTINY.

IT WASN'T MY NAME. MY MOTHER CALLED ME JOHN. JOHNNY BOY. DREAMBOY.

I WAS A REAL DOCTOR. NOT A MEDICAL ONE. A SCIENTIST ONE. NOW I'M JUST DR. DEE. DR... JOHN... DEE...

JOHN... I'VE GOT SOME *SANDWICHES*, IN A LUNCH-PAIL BEHIND *MY* SEAT, IF YOU'RE HUNGRY...?

NO. NO THANK YOU. I'M NEVER VERY HUNGRY ANY MORE...

LOOK, JOHN. I'M A *NURSE*. YOU CAN *TELL* ME, I WON'T FREAK. IS IT THE *BIG A*?

BIG A?

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
PLUS CO-HIT:
ZOMBY WOOF

AIDS.

...HELPERS?

AIDS. YOU KNOW, THE DIS*EASE*. IS THAT WHY YOU... *LOOK* LIKE YOU *DO*? WHERE HAVE YOU *BEEN* FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS?

LOCKED UP. IN THE DARKNESS. IN A MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL IN THE BASEMENT OF ARKHAM.

OH. I SHOULD'VE...

SORRY.

THEY PUT ME THERE, AND THEY FORGOT ABOUT ME.

JOHN...? WHO'S THIS *"THEY"* YOU KEEP TALKING ABOUT? THE *POLICE*?

DID YOU... DID YOU *KILL* PEOPLE?

NO. I DID... FOOLISH THINGS. THINGS TO GRAVITY. TO IDENTITY. I TRADED THEIR FACES WITH THEIR ENEMIES, I PRETENDED I WAS OF THEIR NUMBER...

WHO, JOHN?

THE COSTUMES. THE HEROES. THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

YEAH. I REMEMBER THEM. THEY'VE CHANGED, NOW. THEY'RE INTERNATIONAL, WITH, Y'KNOW, *EMBASSIES* AND STUFF. NOW THEY'RE THE *J.L.I.*

AS YOU SAY. IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

KNOCK KNOCK

SCOTT...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT *TIME* IT IS? I HOPE THIS IS IMPORTANT...

JLI

YEAH. SORRY. I *KNOW* IT'S NEARLY FOUR, J'ONN. BUT YOU'RE THE *ONLY* MEMBER OF THE OLD *JLA* WHO'S STILL AROUND. WE'VE GOT A *VISITOR*...

YOU!

LORD L'ZORIL, I GREET YOU HUMBLY: MAY YOU GUARD US IN THE DARKNESS AND ON THE PATHWAY BETWEEN WAKING HOURS, AND PROTECT US IN DREAMS FROM THE FLAME OF YOUR WRATH.

A Martian? I thought your kind were eons-gone.

I AM THE LAST OF MY RACE.

I seek a ruby, Last Martian. It was known to your kind as D'orilar, the Stone of Binding. It was taken from a human, kept as a souvenir: where is it now?

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OLD JLA'S TROPHIES, J'ONN?

Where?

A WAREHOUSE. UPSTATE GOTHAM. LITTLE TOWN CALLED *MAYHEW*. I CAN GET YOU THE EXACT ADDRESS...

THAT STUFF? IT'S IN STORAGE. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE KIND OF NICE TO PUT IT ON DISPLAY SOMEWHERE, BUT IT'S KIND OF HOKEY...

There is no need. I thank you, last Martian. If you wish, you may dream of the City of Focative Mirrors...

WHO *WAS* THAT?

I thank you both. I hope you find your name, Scott Free. Goodnight.

AN OLD GOD. A *VERY* OLD GOD. COME, SCOTT FREE; LET US HIT THE KITCHEN. I HAVE A SECRET STASH OF OREOS OF WHICH YOU ARE WELCOME TO PARTAKE.

...MOTHER SAID, IF YOU ARE GOING TO BE A CRIMINAL, JOHN, YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BRING SHAME ON THE FAMILY NAME. I HAD TO CHANGE IT. I CALLED MYSELF DESTINY. DEE IS FOR DESTINY...

NOW MOTHER'S DEAD IT DOESN'T MATTER ANY MORE. NOW I CAN BE DEE AGAIN. DEE IS FOR LOTS OF THINGS. DEATH. DUST. DARKNESS. DEMONS...

YEAH. WELL, SPEAKING AS A MOTHER OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS, JOHN, IF EITHER OF THEM ANNOUNCED *THEY* WANTED TO BE MASTER CRIMINALS I'D TELL *THEM* TO CHANGE *THEIR* NAMES.

...MAKE A CHANGE FROM TELLING *AIMEE* AND *JESSIE* TO TIDY UP THEIR *ROOMS*, I SUPPOSE.

I'M NOT A BLACK MAGICIAN.

I DIDN'T SAY YOU *WERE*, JOHN.

I KNOW. NOT YOU. THE OTHERS. SCIENTISTS. I'M AN HERMETIC PHILOSOPHER. AND A SCIENTIST, TOO. TRULY.

IF I WASN'T A SCIENTIST I COULDN'T HAVE DONE WHAT I DID TO THE RUBY.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF, ROSEMARY KELLY?

MADE OF? THEY'RE JUST *DREAMS*...

NO. THEY AREN'T. PEOPLE THINK DREAMS AREN'T REAL BECAUSE THEY AREN'T MADE OF MATTER, OF PARTICLES. DREAMS **ARE** REAL. BUT THEY ARE MADE OF VIEWPOINTS, OF IMAGES, OF MEMORIES AND PUNS AND LOST HOPES...

THE RUBY SEEMS TO TURN THEM INTO MATTER. IT FORCES THEM TO TRANSLATE THEMSELVES INTO FORMS WE CAN RECOGNIZE IN THIS WORLD.

IT ALSO CONTROLS DREAMS IN THEIR RAW STATE. YOUR DREAMS. ANYBODY'S DREAMS.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE MOTHER GOT THE RUBY FROM. SHE HAD A LUCKY CHARM AS WELL. SHE WOULDN'T GIVE ME THAT... NOT WHILE SHE LIVED.

I BUILT MACHINES THAT THE RUBY POWERED. THEN I BUILT THE MACHINES IN MY DREAMS. BUT THEY STOPPED ME DREAMING. SO I HAD TO USE THE RUBY DIRECTLY...

I CODED CIRCUITRY INTO ITS CLASP. I CHANGED ITS RESONANCE; I IRRADIATED IT; I FORCED FLAWS; I ISOLATED IT FROM ITS ORIGINAL POWER SOURCE, WHATEVER--OR WHOEVER--THAT WAS.

I MADE IT MORE REAL. I... CHANGED IT.

IT ISN'T A RUBY, REALLY. IT'S A SOLID DREAM. IT'S THE ONLY DREAM I HAVE. NOBODY ELSE CAN USE IT ANYMORE. NOBODY BUT ME.

AND WE'RE CLOSE TO IT, NOW. I WANT TO DRINK ITS LIGHT. TO DRINK THE LIGHT OF MY RUBY.

MAYHEW
5 MILES

I am a passenger. I am moving through your dreams. I am riding in your dreams.

I ride on dragonback from Manhattan; the dragon is made of rivetted iron and smells of cotton candy.

I travel briefly by bus: in the back the dreamer copulates desperately, not noticing his autonomous passenger. I sit at the front and talk to the driver.

Approaching the state of Delaware, the dreamer is a small dog, dreaming impatiently of a past life, long forgotten, when he sailed tall ships across uncharted seas.

The salt spray of the ocean stings my face.

I am moving through dreams, pulling toward Mayhew, feeling for the jewel.

Through your dreams, my sleeping children. You had a passenger, and you never knew.

Mayhew Storage

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THIS SID

THIS

At last...

YES. I'M SURE THIS IS THE PLACE.

OKAY, JOHN. LISTEN, I UH, I *HOPE* IT ALL GOES OKAY. YOU *KNOW?*

JOHN--*KEEP* THE *COAT.* HARRY WON'T MIND, AND I'D *HATE* TO THINK OF YOU WANDERING AROUND, FREEZING. AND GET *HELP,* OKAY?

THANK YOU, ROSEMARY.

ROSEMARY...

YOUR HUSBAND. HARRY. IS HE REALLY A MAFIA HIT MAN?

HARRY? GOD, NO--IT WAS JUST SOMETHING I *SAID,* WHEN I WAS, YOU KNOW, SCARED YOU WERE A DANGEROUS *CRAZY* OR SOMETHING.

HARRY'S A *HIGH* SCHOOL TEACHER.

OH.

...WELL, I DON'T SUPPOSE IT WOULD HAVE MADE ANY DIFFERENCE EITHER WAY.

♪DEE DEE DEE DEE♫

DEE DEE DEE♪♪

HELLO MY BABY.

OHHH BABY. YOU FEEL EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN BEFORE. WHERE DID THE EXTRA ENERGY COME FROM? HAVE YOU BEEN FICKLE? HAVE YOU BEEN WITH SOMEONE ELSE?

DID A NAUGHTY MAN TRY TO USE MY BABY? HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU WERE MINE THESE DAYS? ALL MINE, EVERY GLINT AND FACET.

IT DOESN'T MATTER, DARLING. WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN. THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS.

SO GO MY LITTLE LOVE. TOUCH THE WORLD.

EAT THEIR HEARTS AND POISON THEIR DREAMS. RIP THEIR NIGHTMARES INTO THE DAYLIGHT AND SCUM THEIR SLEEP WITH CREEPING FEAR.

ALL NITE

24 HOURS

YES.

24 HOURS

HELLO. MISS. I WOULD LIKE A CUP OF COFFEE, WHILE I WAIT.

SURE, HON. THAT'LL BE FIFTY CENTS.

UH... *WHAT* ARE YOU *WAITING* FOR?

OH, YOU KNOW. THE USUAL.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

ALL NITE

24 HOURS

NEXT: *WAITING FOR THE END OF THE WORLD...*

SON OF ULTRON